

# **EXHIBIT A**

Dear General Sir Nicholas Parker,

First and foremost, thank you for taking the time to conduct this investigation. I'm sure it hasn't been easy or fun, so I thank you for your time. I have recently learned that [REDACTED] has been reinstated as CEO of TRUK and needless to say, I'm disappointed. Actually, I'm deeply disappointed. In the back of mind I think I always knew this would be the outcome, but I was hopeful that justice would be served.

Team Rubicon has always felt like a safe space. That was one of the reasons I wanted a job here. The culture was so warm and welcoming and I always felt like people had my back; they would look out for me if I were ever in danger. I had no reason to think otherwise, until recently. The only reason this has changed is because of the decision to reinstate [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] actions during TRLC go against everything I understand our culture to be. For example, he broke Rule #1 by calling [REDACTED] a "privileged c\*nt." He did not act like an Adult with his inappropriate gestures or by calling me, "a hot American," and in my opinion, he did the worst thing he could do, he disrespected a fellow Greyshirt.

You may be wondering why I didn't speak up earlier. It wasn't until today that I myself really understood why I didn't say anything sooner.

First, I hate attention. I hate it, I hate it, and then I hate it some more. Whenever anyone comes forward about something like this, the process lasts forever. You have to retell your story over and over. It's exhausting. You're forced to be the center of attention and you never know what people are thinking, "Do they think I'm full of shit? Do they pity me? Do they think I'm just another pretty girl and I should be happy boys give me attention?" These are a few of the things that crossed my mind before and during this process. I never want to be treated differently, and now through this process it's hard to feel like I'm not.

Second, another the reason I was afraid of saying anything is that once you say something aloud, it makes it real. You're forced to process it. If I had never said anything at all, I would be sitting here on Halloween night watching scary movies and not thinking about this situation; at least trying to push down what I felt. Instead, I'm writing this letter. Now, not only am I processing what happened at TRLC, but I'm also forced to relive every other time I've been harassed.

I think I always knew that if I came forward about this, it would feel as if I came forward about all my experiences. At TRLC, I wasn't ready to relive everything. I wasn't ready to feel the shame, embarrassment, and anger; I wanted to enjoy my time with the people I felt safe with. The people I looked up to as role models, big brothers, and big sisters. I didn't want to ruin that.

And finally, these moments usually end with the same result as this situation has: the perpetrator never faces consequences equal to their actions. It's hard to feel

motivated to speak up in situations when I know most of them end this way. But I thought to myself, "at least a Team Rubicon, justice might have a chance."

I realize I am now a statistic. And this is something I've had to come to terms with. It's taken awhile, but I have. I was hopeful that if I said something it would stop with me. With the decision made, it hasn't stopped with me, and that's truly the worst part about this whole thing. Knowing that it could happen again and we all had a chance to stop it.

